

*Bertha, lovely Bertha
You are a lovely machine
And anyone who works with you
Will know just what I mean, woah*

*Bertha, lovely Bertha
Sometimes I think you're a dream
When we work out what you have to do
You can always turn the goods out
Always turn the goods out
We can depend upon you*

*Clicking in the day, flashing in the night
Your computer is shining brightly
Some people say "you've a mind of your own"
And I think that's very likely, likely*

*Oh, Bertha, lovely Bertha
Sometimes I think you're a dream
When we work out what you have to do
You can always turn the goods out
Always turn the goods out
We can depend upon you*

The Great Painting Job

Narrator: This week at Spottiswood & Company, Bertha is making jigsaw puzzles. Ted puts the picture in one end; and Bertha cuts out the shapes. That's Roy checking the puzzles, then Nell packs and Flo stacks.

Roy: It seems a shame to break up such a lovely picture.

Nell: But the fun of jigsaw puzzles is to put them back together again, isn't it?

Roy: What do you do with it when you've put it back together?

Nell: You break it up and begin all over again.

Roy: That seems daft to me. Hey, there's a hole in this one.

Nell: That means that there's a piece missing.

Roy: You're right! Hey Ted, stop Bertha! There, see?

Nell: There is a piece missing.

Flo: Right in the middle there. Sorry.

Roy: Now we'll never find the missing piece.

Ted: And why not?

Roy: Because we don't know what it looks like.

Nell: It was a piece missing from the tree, I remember.

Roy: Ah, but what piece? It was a very large tree.

Flo: A piece with leaves and branches on it.

Ted: Look 'ere, if there's a piece of the puzzle missing, it must still be in Bertha. Now come on Bertha, where's the missing piece o' puzzle? Ooh, I can't see it.

Roy: Ted, why don't you put another picture through? It might dislodge the missing piece and bring it out.

Ted: What a good idea, Roy! Now the piece we're looking for comes from about there, so watch out for it. Now come on, Bertha.

Roy: There's a piece missing from this one too.

Ted: What?

Roy: A piece of the sky.

Nell: Where?

Flo: Just there. Sorry.

Ted: Hmm... First, a piece of the tree is missing; and now, a piece of the sky. I wonder what Bertha's up to.

Nell: Very mysterious.

Flo: Very puzzling.

Ted: That's it Flo, you got the answer!

Flo: Oh, I am glad.

Ted: Now, how many jigsaw puzzles has Bertha made this morning, Flo?

Flo: Ten to a big box, that's forty, four in this box, that's forty-four; and two here, that's er... forty-six.

Ted: Forty-six. Roy, were there pieces missing from other puzzles?

Roy: I'm not sure, I didn't look at all of them.

Ted: It is your job to. I'd like to bet there's a piece missing from most of those puzzles. Now come on Bertha, how many pieces have you got in there?

Roy: That's amazing, all odd bits making a different picture. I didn't know Bertha liked doing jigsaw puzzles.

Ted: You know what we have to do now, don't ya?

Roy: What?

Ted: We have to open all those boxes and make up all those jigsaw puzzles to find out which pieces are missing.

Roy: Oh no, it'll take us ages.

Ted: Well you can't let 'em be sold in the shops with a piece missing. Come along, let's get started.

Nell: It's better than packing.

Flo: It's better than stacking.

Ted: Bertha, how could you?

Narrator: Upstairs in the offices, Miss McClackerty & Mr. Willmake are getting ready for the decorators. They're covering all the furniture with a sheet so it won't get splashed with paint.

Willmake: Well done, that's everything covered. Where have those decorators got to? They should be here by now.

McClackerty: That's the telephone ringing, Sir.

Willmake: Ah-Yes, I can hear it, Miss McClackerty. Where is your telephone, still on your desk?

McClackerty: Er, no, it's on the floor somewhere.

Willmake: But where on the floor, Miss McClackerty?

McClackerty: I can't remember, Sir.

Willmake: We must find the telephone and answer it, the call may be important.

McClackerty: Oh dear, I'm sorry. It's under the sheet somewhere.

Willmake: Right. Don't panic Miss McClackerty, this is what we'll do; I'll go under this end of the sheet and you go under that end, whoever finds the telephone first answers it. Off you go. I've got it, Miss McClackerty! Hello? Yes. Yes, this is the manager. Oh I see. Well, that's too bad; but thank you for letting me know. Goodbye. Where are you, Miss McClackerty?

McClackerty: Over here, Sir. Oh, who was it Sir?

Willmake: The decorators.

McClackerty: Er, what did they want Mr. Willmake?

Willmake: They rang to say they are not coming today.

McClackerty: Oh dear.

Tupp: Ahem, would anyone 'ere like a nice cup of tea?

Willmake & McClackerty: Yes please, Mrs. Tupp.

Narrator: But downstairs, everyone is too busy to stop for tea.

Flo: I think most of this puzzle must be missing.

Ted: No, I'm sure there's only one piece missing from each picture.

Nell: You're just not very good at doing jigsaw puzzles, Flo. Look, I've nearly finished mine.

Roy: Have you found the missing piece, Nell?

Nell: How could I if it's not there?

Narrator: Mr. Duncan the foreman thinks they're just playing.

Duncan: Well well, what's all this, playtime?

Ted: Hello Mr. Duncan, we're looking for missing pieces of jigsaw puzzles; we have to check all those boxes.

Nell: And those there.

Flo: And those there as well.

Roy: It's going to take us ages.

Duncan: Why are there pieces missing from the puzzles, hm?

Ted: Well, Bertha's been keeping one piece back from each box; and making a picture of her own.

Duncan: Mmm, I see. Bertha has been misbehaving again, has she? Been misbehaving, haven't ya? Hm?

Roy: I think she just likes doing jigsaw puzzles, that's all.

Duncan: This is no good, it'll take you all week. If Bertha is so fond of puzzles, why don't you let her do them?

Roy: That's a jolly good idea, Mr. Duncan.

Ted: Now why didn't I think of that?

Duncan: That's what foremen are for.

Narrator: In another office, Mr. Sprott and his assistant, Tracey, have been asked by the manager to design a machine that can paint the factory in double-quick time.

Tracey: Will it work, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: Hm, undoubtedly. I will take it down to the roller and grinder machine and have it made.

Tracey: Do you mind if I have a go at designing a different machine, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: No-ho-ho, no, no, of course not, hah; but this is the one that'll work.

Tracey: *What can we have that will do the job nicely?
Easy to control and will do what we say precisely.*

*Talk Operated Machine is what we need here
Something I can think of that will run for a year
A Talk Operated Machine is what we need here
T-O-M, yeah, T-O-M*

*A Talk Operated Machine is what I'll do then
A super little robot that can be like a friend
A Talk Operated Machine, I'll call it T.O.M. then
T-O-M, yeah, T-O-M*

*Then I can go and work with Bertha, set a program through
And I am sure that she can work out what I'm trying to do
I'll have to work it out as quickly as I can to get it done
I know that when I get it finished, it can really be fun*

*Talk Operated Machine is what I'll make then
A super little robot that can be like a friend
Talk Operated Machine, I'll call it T.O.M. then
T-O-M oh it's gonna be lovely
T-O-M I can't wait to get it finished
T-O-M... I'll have to do a little bit here. I've gotta give him some eyes. Oh, he's gonna have a lovely little face; and if I just add a bit of... Oh, this is gonna be wonderful.*

Ted: This is the last puzzle, Roy.

Roy: Alright Ted, we're ready!

Ted: Is it all there, Roy?

Roy: It's all there, Ted.

Ted: Do you wanna do the last one, Flo?

Flo: Oh, yes please.

Ted: Right, put that into the box now; and we're finished. Well done, Bertha.

Tracey: Hello Ted.

Ted: 'ello Tracey, what can I do for you?

Tracey: Do you think you can get Bertha to make this?

Roy: Wow, it's a robot!

Ted: What do you want a robot for, Tracey?

Tracey: Mr. Sprott has designed a painting machine; but I thought if we had a robot, it could do all sorts of useful jobs around the factory.

Nell: Would it help me pack?

Flo: Could it help me stack?

Tracey: Yes, it could even help you sweep up, Roy.

Roy: Good, I could do with some help.

Ted: Very well, let's see what Bertha makes of this.

Narrator: Mr. Sprott's machine seems to be working well.

Willmake: A splendid invention, Mr. Sprott. We could paint the whole factory in double-quick time.

Sprott: Ah, that's what I thought, Sir. Stop the machine when it gets to the door Panjit, would you? There's a good fellow.

Panjit: I am unhappy to say that I cannot do so, Sir.

Sprott: Oh dear, something has gone wrong. You'll have to have a green door, Miss McClackerty.

McClackerty: But I don't want a green door.

Panjit: I will quickly open the door, Sir; and then the machine will have nothing to paint. Oh dear...

Sprott: Erm, turn off the machine, Panjit. Turn it off.

Panjit: I'm unhappy to say that I can't do so, Sir.

Sprott: Push the lever down hard.

Panjit: This I have been trying to do, I will now push the lever up.

Sprott: Er, no. No, don't do that.

Tracey: Does it work, Mr. Sprott? Oh!

Narrator: Downstairs, Bertha has just finished making Tracey's robot.

Ted: Ah, there you are Tracey, you're just in time. Is this what you wanted?

Tracey: Exactly how I designed it, Ted.

Roy: What will you call it, Tracey?

Tracey: Well, as you will be able to tell it what to do, I'll call it T.O.M.; T-O-M, Talk Operated Machine. Off you go, T.O.M.

Roy: Wow!

Willmake: Well done, Tracey. Now do you think T.O.M. could do a spot of painting?

Tracey: I think so, Mr. Willmake. T.O.M., will you please paint the walls in Miss McClackerty's office?

Willmake: What a useful little chap. Good old Bertha, she's done it again.

The Windmills

Narrator: It is lunchtime at Spottiswood & Company; and Bertha has stopped work. T.O.M. the robot is cleaning. All morning, Bertha has been making windmills; they're a special kind of musical money box. Mr. Sprott, the designer, hopes they will sell a lot of them to people who like to save money. Ted has gone to the canteen and Flo has gone shopping. Roy & Nell are eating their sandwiches.

Roy: What sort of sandwiches are yours, Nell?

Nell: Cheese & cucumber.

Roy: Very nice.

Nell: Would you like to try one?

Roy: No thanks, I prefer mine.

Nell: What have you got in yours?

Roy: Peanut butter & cornflakes.

Nell: Together!?

Roy: Mmm.

Nell: In a sandwich?

Roy: Yes, mmm... Mmm, very nice. What's wrong with that?

Nell: Oh, nothing; must taste funny though.

Roy: Where's Flo?

Nell: She's gone shopping, she'll be back soon. I think I'll save her one of my sandwiches, I expect she'll be hungry.

Roy: This is a jolly good idea of Mr. Sprott's, making a windmill into a money box.

Nell: Yes. If you put a coin in the slot, the sails go round; and it plays a tune.

Roy: Does it? I'll have a go. That's very good, I like that; I'll have another go. T.O.M. likes it too. Does it play any other tunes?

Nell: I don't know, I'll put a coin in and see.

Roy: Hm, it's the same tune.

Nell: Mmm, but it's very pretty. T.O.M. wants to play it.

Roy: Hey, how do we get our money out?

Nell: I suppose you have to have a key to unlock it.

Roy: But I haven't got a key.

Nell: Neither have I.

Roy: I haven't seen any keys. Bertha's been making these windmills all morning, but she hasn't made one key.

Nell: Oh well, that's the end of our lunch hour; back to work.

Roy: I'll have to tell Ted that there are no keys for the money boxes.

Ted: Right, back to work. Now then let's see, where were we? Ah, yes.

Roy: Ted, have you got a coin?

Ted: Yes, why?

Roy: Put it in the windmill and see what happens.

Ted: Very clever, people'll like that.

Roy: No they won't, people put money into money boxes so they can save it to spend later.

Ted: That's right.

Roy: Well you can't spend it if you can't get it out again. This money box has no key.

Ted: Eh? There seems to be a lot of money in there.

Nell: Yes, mine.

Roy: And mine.

Nell: And T.O.M.'s.

Ted: I've just put a coin in too.

Roy: But we can't get it out again, Bertha hasn't made any keys.

Nell: And Bertha's been making windmills all morning.

Ted: It doesn't say anything 'ere about Bertha having to make keys.

Roy: When Mr. Sprott designed the windmill, he must've forgotten.

Narrator: Mr. Duncan, the factory foreman, has come to see what all the chatter is about.

Duncan: What's the trouble, Ted? You should've started work five minutes ago.

Ted: Oh 'ello, Mr. Duncan. There's something wrong with the windmill money box.

Duncan: Looks alright to me.

Roy: Put a coin in the slot and see what happens.

Duncan: Ah, well, er... I'm not too sure I have a coin to spare.

Ted: You'll 'ave to put a coin in to find out what's wrong with it.

Duncan: I suppose so, aye. Very good! Very good indeed, looks alright to me.

Roy: The thing that is wrong with it Mr. Duncan, is that once you put your money in, you can't get it out again.

Duncan: Oh! Oh! You mean I can't get my coin back?

Ted: That's right, there's no key to open the back.

Duncan: But-but... th-there-there must be a way!

Roy: It's no good, Mr. Duncan.

Duncan: Aye, well, I'd better take this and show it to Mr. Willmake; and you'd all better get back to work.

Panjit: Good afternoon, Ted.

Ted: Afternoon, Panjit. Er, where's Flo?

Nell: She went shopping at lunchtime.

Ted: Ah, hm, she's late back for work.

Nell: Yes, I wonder where she's got to. Righto T.O.M..

Narrator: Everyone was busy making more windmills, when Flo arrived back; looking very unhappy.

Flo: I'm so sorry I'm late, Ted; but I'm very upset.

Ted: Why? What's wrong, Flo?

Flo: I couldn't buy anything, because on the way to the shops, I lost my purse; with all my money in it.

Nell: Oh Flo, that's terrible. Did you look everywhere?

Flo: Yes, everywhere, that's why I'm so late.

Nell: Poor ol' Flo, you must be hungry too. Look, I've saved you one of my cheese sandwiches.

Flo: I'd better take this home with me, because there'll be nothing for supper.

Ted: 'ave a good look round, Flo; maybe you lost it here.

Flo: Yes, I will. Thank you, Ted.

Narrator: Upstairs, in the office, Mr. Duncan is showing the manager and Miss McClackerty how the money box works.

Willmake: Mmm, very good, a-but you say that now I have put the money in, I can't get it out.

Duncan: That's right, Sir; you can't open the back, see for yourself.

Willmake: Hm, this is a design problem. Miss McClackerty, ring Mr. Sprott and ask him to come and see me.

Narrator: In the design office, Mr. Sprott has just invented a new money box for Bertha to make; and he's trying it out.

Sprott: Now watch this, Tracey. Ah, good. Good, it works.

Tracey: Well done, Mr. Sprott.

Sprott: Thank you. Oh dear, that shouldn't happen.

Tracey: Hello? Alright, I'll tell him. Mr. Willmake wants to see you in his office, something has gone wrong with the windmill.

Sprott: Oh dear, not more problems. I-I'd better go and see.

Duncan: You see, Mr. Willmake? You just can't get the money out.

Willmake: Surely that means it is a jolly safe money box.

Sprott: Something wrong with my windmill, Mr. Willmake?

Willmake: Yes there is, Mr. Sprott; pop a coin in the slot and you will see.

Sprott: I haven't any coins left, I put the last one into my barrel organ.

Willmake: And I have put all mine in your windmill.

Duncan: And I'm not wasting any more money.

McClackerty: Oh, I will, I like the tune it plays.

Sprott: Splendid, there's nothing wrong with it; one of my best designs.

Duncan: Now how do you get the money out of the money box?

Sprott: You can't until it's full. Such a pleasant way to save, don't you think?

Willmake: But isn't there something missing?

Sprott: No, there's nothing missing, it's all there.

Willmake: What about a key?

Sprott: You don't need a key. When the money box is full, the last coin you put in makes the sails go around the other way, it plays a different tune, the back opens and all the money falls out.

McClackerty: Ah, that's nice.

Willmake: A very clever money box Mr. Sprott, congratulations.

Sprott: Thank you, Sir.

Duncan: I'd better go and tell Ted, he's worried because Bertha isn't making any keys.

Sprott: We'll take it down and show him how it works.

Narrator: Meanwhile on the factory floor, Flo is still looking for her purse.

Flo: I don't know where I could've lost it, I've looked everywhere.

Ted: Don't worry Flo, we'll lend you some money until payday.

Flo: Thank you, Ted.

Willmake: Stop working for a moment Ted, Mr. Sprott has something to show you.

Sprott: The windmill money boxes do not need keys to open them, all this one needs is one more coin. A coin please, from anyone?

Narrator: But no-one seems to have any coins left, they've all put them in the windmill.

Sprott: Does no-one have a single coin?

Ted: Sorry.

Roy: Not one.

Nell: The only coins I had I put in the windmill.

Flo: The only coins I had were in my purse; and I lost that.

Panjit: Good afternoon, everyone.

Ted: Panjit, 'ave you got a coin?

Panjit: Yes thank you, I have several.

Ted: Panjit, this windmill is one of Mr. Sprott's best designs; all you have to do is put a coin in the slot and see it working.

Panjit: In there?

Sprott: Yes; and then see what happens.

Panjit: Bingo! Huhuhuhuhuh, have I won a jackpot?

Willmake: No Panjit, that is the money we all put in to test it.

Ted: I know, why don't we give the money to Flo? As she's lost her purse.

Willmake: A splendid idea! Yes of course, you must have the money, Flo.

Flo: Thank you, everyone.

Nell: When people buy the windmill, how will they know how it works, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: Because all the instructions are printed on the box.

Nell: Well I never, so it is; I never thought to look.

Sprott: Remember now, you should always read the instructions on the box.

A Mouse in the Works

Narration: This week at Spottiswood & Company, Bertha is making Jack-in-the-Boxes. Roy is checking each box; and T.O.M. the robot helps. Nell packs each toy and Flo stacks it. It looks as if Roy is having trouble with this one.

Roy: I can't keep this one in, Ted!

Ted: Push it right down in the box, Roy!

Nell: And close the lid quickly.

Roy: That did the trick, Ted.

Ted: Well done, Roy. Let's see, only twenty more to make.

Nell: Oh! Oh! Oops! Catch it, T.O.M.!

Roy: Catch it Flo, it's getting away!

Flo: I've got it! I've got it! Oh!

Nell: I've caught it! I've caught it! But I can't hold it! Come and get it Roy, before it gets away again.

Roy: What should I do with this one, Ted? It won't stay in its box.

Ted: Ah, I see. That's because it's come unstuck; better put it to one side till we can mend it.

Flo: Hey, don't let Bertha make any more till I get this lot stacked.

Nell: I'll help you, Flo.

Roy: I wonder how it came unstuck.

Panjit: A very good morning to everyone.

Ted: Good morning, Panjit. We 'aven't finished yet, but you can take those boxes there.

Nell: Be careful with them, Panjit.

Flo: Yes, they're Jack-in-the-Boxes.

Panjit: Oh yes indeed, I will be most careful; they're very springy fellows.

Roy: Look out, Panjit!

Narrator: While T.O.M.'s still looking for the Jack-in-the-Box, and not having much luck, Mr. Duncan, the factory foreman, is having a quiet cup of tea from Mrs. Tupp's trolley.

Duncan: Hm!?

Tupp: Hohoho, goodness me. What have you got there, Mr. Duncan?

Duncan: It looks rather like a Jack-in-a-Box that's escaped from its box.

Tupp: So that's what Bertha's makin' today.

Duncan: Yes, but not very well by the look of things.

Ted: Hm, Bertha needs more glue to stick the Jack firmly in the boxes. Roy, nip along to the stores and get a large tin o' glue, will ya?

Roy: Righto, Ted.

Nell: Gosh, that Jack-in-the-Box must've gone a long way. Well done, T.O.M..

Narrator: In the dispatch department, Panjit keeps all the things made by the factory before they're sent to the shops. Suddenly, he spots something strange.

Panjit: A hole, I wonder how that happened. Most definitely something's been nibbling at my boxes.

Narrator: Roy comes to the store to get a tin of glue, Panjit tells him about the holes in the cardboard boxes.

Roy: Oh yes, Mr. Duncan had better know about this. Ah, there he is!

Narrator: Roy tells the foreman about the holes Panjit found in the boxes.

Duncan: Holes in boxes, I can't have that; I must tell Mr. Willmake.

Narrator: On his way to the manager's office, he meets Mr. Sprott.

Sprott: Ah Mr. Duncan, look at this; something has been chewing at the bottom of my drawings.

Duncan: Leave it to me, I'll report it to Mr. Willmake.

Narrator: In her office, Miss McClackerty, the manager's secretary, is busy typing.

Duncan: Good morning Miss McClackerty, I've come to see the manager.

McClackerty: Good morning, I'll tell him you're here. Mr. Duncan is here to see you, Mr. Willmake.

Willmake: I'll be right out, Miss McClackerty. Good morning Mr. Duncan, what can I do for you?

Duncan: I'm here to report strange goings on, Mr. Willmake; Panjit has found holes in some of his boxes and Mr. Sprott's drawings have been chewed.

Willmake: Hm, do you know a-what I think? I think there must be a mouse in the works.

Duncan: A mouse, here in the factory?

McClackerty: Ah! A mouse!

Willmake: Er, why are you standing on your chair, Miss McClackerty?

McClackerty: I'm looking for the mouse, Sir.

Willmake: Mr. Duncan, tell Mr. Sprott to design a mouse trap; we must catch this mouse before more damage is done.

Duncan: I'll tell him straight away, Sir.

Willmake: When you get down from your chair Miss McClackerty, will you please telephone around the factory; and ask everyone to keep their eyes open for a mouse?

Narrator: Downstairs in the factory, Bertha is still making Jack-in-the-Boxes. Everyone is busy working, they haven't yet heard about the mouse.

Flo: What's wrong with T.O.M.?

Nell: What's the matter, T.O.M.?

Ted: 'ey, what's the matter with Bertha?

Roy: Dunno Ted, I can't think what's got into her.

Nell: I wonder what made Bertha do that.

Flo: A funny thing for her to do.

Roy: A lot of funny things are happening this morning.

Duncan: Has anyone here seen a mouse?

Flo: A mouse!?

Nell: A real live mouse?

Duncan: Yes, in the factory somewhere making holes in Panjit's boxes and chewing the ends of Mr. Sprott's drawings.

Roy: Poor thing, it must be hungry.

Duncan: It's got to be found, we can't have a mouse in the works; Mr. Willmake has ordered everyone to look out for it.

Ted: We don't 'ave to look far, Mr. Duncan; it's sitting by your boot.

Duncan: Oh!

Nell: I see it!

Flo: There it goes!

Duncan: Where!? Where!?

Ted: 'ere it is! Oh! It's gone inside Bertha.

Duncan: I can't see it. Hand me that mop, Roy.

Nell: Don't hurt it.

Flo: It hasn't done any harm.

Duncan: Thank you, Roy. Now, come out wee mousie.

Roy: Don't hurt it, Mr. Duncan.

Duncan: Alright, I'll use something else. Huh? The-the-the mop is stuck in the machine.

Nell: Heheheheh, perhaps the mouse has got hold of the other end. Heheheheh.

Duncan: When I say “three”, pull hard Roy. Ready? One, two, three! Oh! Oh dearie dearie me!

Ted: Oh dear, oh dear. First, a mouse in the works; and now the mop. Bertha’s not gonna like this.

Duncan: I’d better go and tell Mr. Willmake that we have found the mouse.

Narrator: In the design office, Mr. Sprott & Tracey have finished making the mouse trap.

Sprott: I have carefully designed this to capture the mouse without hurting it.

Tracey: How does it work, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: We put some cheese in here, the mouse comes along here, sniffs the cheese, “yum yum” it thinks, “some nice cheese for dinner”. It walks along the board here, up those steps and onto this platform, the weight of the mouse makes the box go “meow”. The mouse thinks there must be a cat coming after it, so it runs forward into here, the door shuts behind it like this and we have the mouse safely in a cage.

Tracey: Munching the cheese. Very clever, Mr. Sprott.

Sprott: I hope so, Tracey. Now, where’s that mouse?

Ted: We can’t start Bertha working again until we get that mouse outta there.

Sprott: Hello Ted. So it’s gone inside Bertha, has it?

Ted: Yeah, we tried everything to coax it out; will your mouse trap work, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: I hope so, I’ll put it down here where the mouse can smell the cheese. Now everyone, back to work; otherwise the mouse won’t come out.

Ted: One half squared equals two C...

Flo: Did I hear a cat meow?

Ted: That must be Mr. Sprott’s mouse trap.

Sprott: I’m afraid my invention hasn’t worked. Oh well, back to the drawing board.

Roy: I bet Bertha could make something to catch the mouse, Ted.

Ted: A good idea Roy, ah, let’s see what she can do. Now, four over five over nine to the power of six [gibberish] aha.

Roy: Bertha's just made another box.

Nell: It's not like the other boxes, this one has a hole in the front.

Roy: I wonder what's inside it.

Flo: That's the mop that Mr. Duncan lost.

Roy: How will this catch the mouse?

Nell: Oh yes, I can see what it is; let's put it on the floor and see what happens. There you are, just as I thought; it's a mouse house, all he wanted was a warm place to sleep.

Flo: Give it to me, I'll take it home; my boy John'll look after it.

Ted: Thank you Bertha, another job well done.

The Best Machine Competition

Narrator: This week at Spottiswood & Company, Bertha is making humming tops; Roy & T.O.M. the little robot are having trouble keeping up with her.

Roy: Whoops! Hey Ted, Bertha's making the tops so fast we can't keep up with her; can you slow her down?

Ted: No, I'm sorry I can't. You'll 'ave to think of a quicker way of packing them.

Roy: I wish I could, I'm working as fast as I can. I have an idea, Ted.

Nell: Hahaha, well done Roy.

Roy: This is a jolly good idea, don't you think so Ted?

Ted: A very good idea, Roy.

Nell: A good way to pack humming tops.

Flo: I'm being tickled, hohohoho.

Nell: Being tickled?

Flo: The top is still spinning inside the box, that's what's tickling me, hohohohahaha. Hohohoho, this makes stacking fun, hohohohohohoho...

Ted: *There are two very helpful ladies in the packaging department
They pack the orders through, they know just what to do
And these hard working ladies in the packaging department
Sing their own little song, as it helps their work along*

Nell & Flo: *Packing and stacking, no we don't believe in slacking
We're Nell & Flo and we're always on the go
Packing and stacking, no we don't believe in slacking
We're Nell & Flo and we're always, always, always on the go*

Ted: *And these hard-working ladies in the packaging department
With their own sense of fun, they bang the labels on
They know that what they do will always help the business through
With their own little song, as it helps their work along*

Nell & Flo: *Packing and stacking, no we don't believe in slacking
We're Nell & Flo and we're always on the go
Packing and stacking, no we don't believe in slacking
We're Nell & Flo and we're always, always, always on the go*

*Packing and stacking, no we don't believe in slacking
We're Nell & Flo and we're always on the go
Packing and stacking, no we don't believe in slacking
We're Nell & Flo and we're always (nearly always) always on the go*

Roy: Stop Bertha, Ted! This one isn't right.

Ted: Try it again, Roy.

Roy: It doesn't work properly.

Nell: I can't pack that one.

Flo: I can't stack that one.

Ted: It's not quite the right shape, that's why it won't spin; put it to one side, Roy. I 'ave to make a few adjustments to Bertha. Try that one, Roy.

Roy: That's a good one, Ted.

Narrator: Mr. Duncan, the works foreman, doesn't look too pleased; he hasn't seen humming tops packed this way before.

Duncan: What's going on here?

Ted: Roy's discovered a quick way of packing the tops, Mr. Duncan.

Duncan: So I see, I am not sure that I approve; it looks more like play to me.

Roy: But this way, I test them at the same time; to make sure that they're alright.

Nell: Before I pack them.

Flo: Before I stack them. Oh dear!

Nell: It's the tops, they're still spinning in the boxes.

Duncan: This was your bright idea, was it Roy?

Roy: At least it shows that Bertha is making jolly good tops, that they go on spinning all this time.

Duncan: Let's hope they stop spinning before they get to the shops.

Ted: I 'ope Flo's not hurt.

Flo: Hehahahahehehe, hehehe, I've been tickled all over.

Narrator: Upstairs in the office, Miss McClackerty is hard at work typing.

McClackerty: Yes, Mr. Willmake?

Willmake: Ah, ask Mr. Sprott to come and see me please.

McClackerty: Yes Sir.

Tracey: Hello, design office. Very well Miss McClackerty, I'll tell him. Mr. Willmake would like to see you, Mr. Sprott.

Sprott: Ah, thank you Tracey, I'll go right away. Aah!

Tracey: Oh!

Sprott: Ooher, ooh me eyes have gone all funny. Tracey, can you see my glasses anywhere?

Tracey: Where did you lose them, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: Since when did you start wearing glasses, Tracey?

Tracey: I don't Mr. Sprott, they must be yours.

Sprott: Thank you; and do try to keep the office a bit more tidy, will you?

Tupp: Eleven o' clock, time for a tea break Miss McClackerty.

McClackerty: Oh good, I'll give Mr. Willmake a buzz. The tea's here, Sir.

Willmake: Thank you, I'll be right out.

Tupp: I've got some fresh currant buns or donuts; or if you prefer, some nice cucumber sandwiches.

Willmake: Good morning Mrs. Tupp, I'll just have a cup o' tea please. Ah, Mr. Sprott, just in time for a cup o' tea.

Tupp: 'ere you are then, that's another two teas.

Willmake: Thank you, Mrs. Tupp. Now where is that competition form that arrived this morning, Miss McClackerty?

McClackerty: Here it is, Sir.

Willmake: This letter's from a big overseas buyer, they would like us to enter a competition to make the most unusual toy.

Sprott: Hm, yes. Yes I see; and you would like me to design something that would win this competition?

Willmake: Yes, if we won it, it would mean a lot of orders for the factory.

Sprott: Right, I'll get onto it straight away.

Narrator: In the dispatch department, Panjit is having trouble with his forklift truck.

Panjit: Did you come to see me for something special?

Roy: Yes, we've finished making the humming tops, can you come and collect them?

Panjit: I will be along soon shortly, when I've repaired my truck.

Roy: What's gone wrong with it?

Panjit: I don't know, but it will only go backwards.

Roy: Hm, looks very complicated, sorry I can't help you Panjit.

Panjit: Do not worry, I have thought of a way of making it work for today; tomorrow, I will repair it properly.

Narrator: Mr. Sprott & Tracey are showing the manager the drawings of the new toy they've designed to win the competition.

Sprott: It's a walking, dancing, musical doll.

Willmake: Wonderful, you're very clever Mr. Sprott.

Sprott: Thank you Sir, I think this will win the competition.

Willmake: I hope so. Er, which machine shall we use to make the doll?

Sprott: Er, Bertha of course, she's the best machine in the factory.

Panjit: You see Roy, I have borrowed the big mirror from the factory washroom; this will allow me to drive backwards for today. Tomorrow, I will have time to repair the machine.

Willmake: Ted, Mr. Sprott has designed a new toy we want to enter in a competition; can you program Bertha to make it?

Ted: Alright Bertha, don't get excited.

Duncan: You can't give this important job to Bertha.

Sprott: Er, why not?

Duncan: The new super bumper and presser machine will make a much better job of it.

Ted: Be quiet, Bertha. Now you've upset her.

Duncan: I don't care. As the foreman in the factory, I say that the new toy should be made on a modern, up-to-date machine.

Willmake: Yes, I suppose I must agree with Mr. Duncan. Come along, we'll put it on the new machine.

Roy: That new machine isn't better than Bertha, Ted.

Panjit: Are these the last boxes of humming tops? Bertha is making nothing more today?

Ted: Those are the last boxes.

Panjit: Right, off I go then.

Ted: Bertha is making something more today.

Roy: What are you doing, Ted?

Ted: Mr. Sprott left me the design for the new toy, I'm sure I could get Bertha to make a better doll than the new super bumper and presser machine.

Roy: I bet she could!

Tupp: Tea? Who would like a nice cup of tea?

Ted: Not now thank you Mrs. Tupp, we're busy.

Tupp: Nobody seems to want their tea this morning.

Flo: Where is everybody?

Tupp: They're all around that new machine, waitin' for the new doll to be made.

Roy: Come on, let's go and have a look.

Ted: There you are Bertha, show 'em that you're the best machine.

Narrator: Everyone is gathered around the new super bumper and presser machine, waiting to see the new toy.

Willmake: Well done Mr. Sprott, this should win us the competition.

Sprott: I'll set it dancing again. Oh dear, that has been badly made, I'm sure my calculations were right.

Willmake: Nice try Mr. Sprott; perhaps we should've used Bertha after all, eh Mr. Duncan?

Duncan: Hmm, hmmnrgh... Maybe, maybe.

Ted: Don't worry, we did. Come and see what Bertha has made of your design, Mr. Sprott.

Tupp: Well I never.

Willmake: It is wonderful!

Sprott: I knew that design would work.

Ted: Only if it was made by the best machine.

Roy: Good old Bertha.

T.O.M. Gets Lost

Narrator: This week at Spottiswood & Company, Bertha is making building blocks of different shapes; T.O.M. the little robot is helping to sort out the shapes for Nell to put into a box.

Nell: T.O.M.'s getting very clever at sorting out these bricks into sets.

Roy: Yes, he's learning all the time; it won't be long before he takes over Ted's job.

Ted: It'll be a while before he does that, I 'ope.

Roy: All he needs is a few more wires and circuits. Speed up, Bertha; and let's see how quickly T.O.M. can sort out the shapes.

Nell: Ted, I'm running out of boxes to pack the bricks.

Ted: Send T.O.M. down to Panjit in the dispatch department with a note saying "we want some more boxes".

Roy: T.O.M., take this note to Panjit in the dispatch department.

Panjit: Just a moment T.O.M., let me finish stacking this box. Alright alright, stop getting excited; everyone is most anxious to get everything done at once. Now, what do you want? "More boxes for Bertha." They're in the big shed outside, I'll have to go and get some; I'll see you back at Bertha.

Narrator: Poor T.O.M., the magnet he's picked up has upset all his circuits, he doesn't know which way to go.

Duncan: Huh? Hullo T.O.M., do you want me? Ah! Oh a note, haha. Well, you're a clever little robot; aren't ya, eh? Heheh. Er, "More boxes for Bertha." Hmm, run out of boxes down there, have ya? Aha. Well, the only boxes that I have are these, I'll collect as many as I can and take them to Bertha. Off you go, T.O.M..

Narrator: Mrs. Tupp is getting her tea trolley ready to take around the factory; soon, it will be time for a tea break. She is so busy, she doesn't see T.O.M. arrive.

Tupp: Oh! My word, you startled me; I didn't 'ear you come in. What can I do for you? Oh, I see you found one of my teaspoons, thank you T.O.M.. And a note for me? "More boxes for Bertha." Well, I don't know. What sort of boxes does Bertha need? The only boxes I have here are old cake boxes, I'll put as many of them as I can on my trolley and take them down to Bertha. There you are T.O.M., you take this. Where did I put all those boxes?

Nell: You'll have to stop Bertha, Ted; that was the last box, I can't pack any more bricks.

Ted: T.O.M.'s been gone a long time, I wonder where he's got to.

Roy: He's probably helping Panjit with the boxes.

Flo: Here comes Panjit now.

Panjit: I'm sorry I was so long bringing you the boxes Ted, I had to fetch them from the shed outside.

Ted: Thank you, Panjit.

Roy: Where's T.O.M.? Isn't he with you?

Panjit: No, I sent him back here.

Nell: Well, surely he can't have got lost between here and the dispatch department.

Flo: Is T.O.M. lost?

Ted: What's wrong with Bertha?

Roy: I think she must be worried about T.O.M..

Ted: Alright Bertha, don't get upset; we'll soon find T.O.M., he can't be far.

Roy: I'll go to the dispatch department and see if I can find him.

Panjit: If I see T.O.M. around the factory, I'll send him back to you.

Ted: Thank you, Panjit.

Duncan: I got your note Ted, I brought as many boxes that I could find.

Ted: They're a bit greasy and stained.

Duncan: Will they do?

Ted: That's funny, how did you get my note Mr. Duncan?

Duncan: The little robot brought it to me.

Ted: You've seen T.O.M. then?

Duncan: Yes, with a note saying ya needed some more boxes.

Ted: I'm sorry Mr. Duncan, the note wasn't for you. Obviously, T.O.M.'s got himself lost.

Duncan: Well you'd better send someone to find him! Can't have a lost robot roaming around the factory.

McClackerty: Hullo T.O.M., what are you doing here? A note for me? "More boxes for Bertha." I'm afraid I don't know anything about boxes for Bertha, the only boxes I have here are boxes of envelopes. I'd better have a word with the manager.

Willmake: The note must mean that Bertha has used up all the packing boxes, you'd better get on the phone to the manufacturers and order a lot more Miss McClackerty.

McClackerty: Yes, Sir.

Willmake: Here you are, T.O.M.; thank you for bringing the note. Now off you go, back to Bertha. Wonderful things, these mobile robots; I think the factory should have a lot more of them.

Ted: Now come on Bertha, stop sulking; T.O.M. will be here soon, Nell & Roy are both looking for 'im.

Flo: What shall I do with all these boxes Mr. Duncan has brought, Ted?

Ted: Stack 'em over there, Flo.

Tupp: 'allo Ted, I got your note. The only boxes I could find are these old cake boxes, they're made of very thin cardboard; and some of them still 'ave jam stuck to them. I 'ope they'll do.

Ted: Thank you for bringing the boxes Mrs. Tupp, but the note wasn't meant for you. T.O.M. seems to 'ave got 'imself lost.

Tupp: Little T.O.M., lost!? Oh dear! Well, he can't be far, he came into my kitchen a few minutes ago; I'll go back and see if he's still there.

Ted: Thank you, Mrs. Tupp.

Flo: I hope T.O.M. is still in Mrs. Tupp's kitchen.

Ted: So do I; if he isn't, I can't think where he'll be.

Narrator: In the design office, Mr. Sprott has invented some new building bricks; he and Tracey are trying to make them into a house.

Sprott: Ah, it has fallen down again. I wish I could think of a way to make the bricks stick together, then I could build them into a high wall.

Tracey: The bricks could be made with a hole in one side and a peg on the other, then they'd slot together.

Sprott: Yes, that's very true Tracey, but they wouldn't look like building bricks; bricks should be smooth all-over. There must be some way to make them stick together. What's that peeping sound?

Tracey: Is it your watch, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: No, it isn't my watch. Is it your computer?

Tracey: It's not my computer.

Sprott: The sound seems to be coming from the door.

Tracey: T.O.M.! What are you doing here?

Sprott: Well I never, it's your mechanical friend come visiting.

Tracey: I think there's something wrong with him.

Sprott: No, he's alright. Look, he's brought a note, it says here that Bertha needs some more boxes; we don't have any boxes, now I wonder why Ted sent him here.

Tracey: He's only programmed to go to the dispatch department and back, something must've happened to make him get lost. What have you got there, T.O.M.? It's a magnet, he must've picked it up somewhere.

Sprott: Why would a magnet make him get lost?

Tracey: Because it would upset all the electronic circuitry inside him; and he wouldn't know which way to go.

Sprott: Hm, most interesting. Look at all those things he's collected on his magnet.

Tracey: You can tell where he's been. A screwdriver from the dispatch department, a teaspoon from Mrs. Tupp's kitchen and these paper clips must be from Miss McClackerty's office. You seem to have had a very busy morning, T.O.M.. Come on, I'd better take you back to Bertha.

Sprott: Mmm, a magnet, now this gives me an idea.

Roy: I looked everywhere for T.O.M., there's no sign of him.

Nell: I couldn't find him either, Ted.

Ted: Well we must keep looking until we find him, Bertha refuses to work.

McClackerty: I got your note, Ted; I've ordered a lot more boxes from the manufacturers, they should be here tomorrow.

Ted: I'm sorry Miss McClackerty, but we don't need any more boxes. It seems that T.O.M.'s taken that note around the whole factory. I wonder how he got up to the offices.

McClackerty: I don't know; and I don't know what I'm going to do about all those new boxes I've ordered.

Ted: Here comes T.O.M.! Where did you find him, Tracey?

Tracey: He came to the design office with a note for more boxes.

Ted: Oh no, he's been everywhere in the factory with that note; everybody's been bringing us boxes.

Roy: What made him get lost, Tracey?

Tracey: He picked up a magnet from somewhere; and it made him go wrong.

Ted: Is he alright now?

Tracey: He'll be fine if you keep him away from magnets.

Sprott: Ted, how many sets of building blocks has Bertha left to make?

Ted: Erm, another sixty.

Sprott: Good; and when you've finished making those, I want you to start on some new ones I've just invented. Building blocks with magnets in them, so they'll stick together and you can build as high as you like.

Tracey: That's a wonderful invention Mr. Sprott, Mr. Willmake will be pleased.

Sprott: T.O.M. gave me the idea when he came to the office with that magnet.

Ted: I'm glad he's done something right today. Okay everybody, the excitement is over; T.O.M. is back safe and sound. Let's start work again; as soon as we've finished these, we'll start on your new building blocks Mr. Sprott. It's a good thing Miss McClackerty ordered all those extra boxes!

Tracey: Ted, when you start making the new blocks with the magnets in them, don't let T.O.M. touch them, will you?

Ted: Alright Tracey, I won't.

The Flying Bear

Narrator: Today, the sun is shining brightly; so at Spottiswood & Company, it is very hot inside the factory and everyone is working slowly because of the heat. Bertha is making plastic bears that have to be blown up like a balloon; and she's hot too.

Nell: These plastic bears are so hot, they're sticking to the bag.

Roy: Ted, these bears are coming out very hot.

Ted: Turn the air hose on them and cool 'em down.

Nell: That's better.

Roy: Blow some air over me, Nell.

Flo: And me. Ooh, lovely.

Roy: Phew, it's too hot to work Ted.

Ted: Send T.O.M. to open the door wider and let some air in.

Roy: Good idea. T.O.M., go and open the door wider. That silly T.O.M. has gone and closed the door.

Ted: Go and show him how it works, Roy.

Roy: Let me show you. You see T.O.M., you push this button to open the door; and that button to close the door. Open. Shut. Open. Shut. See? Oh dear, I forgot to tell him to stop.

Ted: No don't stop him, the door's actin' like a fan.

Nell: Ooh, that's a nice breeze.

Flo: Much cooler.

Roy: That's right T.O.M., keep doing that. I think T.O.M. has closed the door on somebody.

Ted: You'd better go and see what's happened, Roy.

Roy: Oh, it's you Panjit.

Panjit: And may I ask who it is that is playing the giddy goat with the door?

Roy: Sorry Panjit, we were using the door as a fan; and you came along at the wrong time.

Panjit: Goodness me, that is some big damage; I will have to mend that before I can move any more boxes.

Roy: Come on T.O.M., we'll leave the door open.

Tupp: Anyone like a nice cup of tea?

Nell: It's too hot for tea, Mrs. Tupp.

Tupp: Nobody seems to want a cup of tea this morning.

Flo: I'd rather have something cold to drink.

Roy: I'd rather have an ice cream.

Tupp: That's a very good idea, I'll go and buy some.

Nell: This bear is too big for the bag.

Flo: This bear is too big for the box.

Roy: The bears are getting bigger and bigger, Ted.

Ted: That's funny, I'd better adjust the controls. Come on Bertha, what's wrong?

Roy: Wow! That's a really big one!

Ted: I can't understand what's happening. Roy, go and get Mr. Sprott.

Duncan: What's gone wrong here? Why isn't Bertha working?

Ted: The bears she's making are too big, Mr. Duncan.

Nell: They won't go in the bag.

Flo: They won't go in the box.

Ted: You see? It's almost as big as you are.

Sprott: My word, that is a big bear.

Ted: And they're getting bigger all the time.

Sprott: And they stand up by themselves.

Duncan: No, it's me Mr. Sprott; I'm holding it up.

Sprott: Ah yes, I see, sorry. Well, keep holding it up while I measure it; and erm erm erm er, wide, my er, hm-er hm hm hm tall. Thank you Mr. Duncan, you can put it down now.

Ted: I can't understand what's happening.

Sprott: I think that that bear is four times bigger than it ought to be.

Ted: Yes I know that, but what can I do about it?

Sprott: Er, well now, let me see... My word, it is hot in here. Let's have a look at the control board. Ah, now what can we do here? Er, what can we do here? Er hm-er aha, let's adjust this lever here and er, that one there. Yes well, there we are, that er, should've cured the problem, heheh. My word, that is the hugest bear I've ever seen.

Ted: What's gone wrong, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: Well now, what is happening is this, these bears are being made out of plastic; and when plastic gets hot, it stretches. Today, because of the weather, Bertha is so hot that each bear she makes is being stretched bigger and bigger; this is why we have this enormous bear.

Ted: What shall we do with it, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: Hm, er well now, lemme see, if it's alright and er, there are no holes in it, we could send it along to the shopkeeper who's selling our balloon bears; he could blow it up and stand it outside his shop as an advertisement. Haha haha, yes.

Duncan: That's a very good idea, Mr. Sprott.

Sprott: Er, thank you Mr. Duncan.

Roy: Shall I blow it up to make sure there are no holes in it?

Sprott: Yes, do, it'll be most interesting to see how big it is.

Ted:: Catch it, Roy.

Sprott:: Hold on to it, Roy. My word, that is a big one.

Tupp: Ices. Ices. Cornettes. Choc ices. Lollies.

Sprott: Good morning Mrs. Tupp, you're looking very summery today.

Tupp: Good morning, Mr. Sprott. Anyone for an ice cream?

Roy: Ooh, I'll have an ice lolly. Oh!

Tupp: Goodness, that is a big bear.

Sprott: Yes, it is; and it appears to be stuck on the ceiling.

Ted: We'll need a big ladder to get it down.

Roy: I'll send T.O.M. to get the ladder. T.O.M., take this to Panjit. Off you go, T.O.M..

Panjit: Look what has happened to my forklift truck, I hope you've come to say you're sorry. I accept your apology. "Ted wants the long ladder." Hm, you'll have to help me carry it.

Sprott: I'll take this one back to the design office for Tracey.

Ted: What shall we do with the bear when we get it down?

Sprott: Er, let all the air out of it.

Ted: Good, you brought the ladder, help me to 'old it steady Panjit so that Roy can climb up. Woah, ah-ah, steady on there Panjit.

Panjit: There, that is steady now Ted. Tell me please, why are you going up the ladder?

Roy: To capture the flying bear.

Panjit: Goodness, that is the biggest bear I've ever seen!

Roy: It won't come down, Ted!

Ted: Let all the air out of it, Roy!

Duncan: Oh-ho hoho! That was close. Ho-oh! That was closer.

Tupp: Ooh!

Willmake: What was that that went past my window, Miss McClackerty?

McClackery: It looked like a flying bear, Sir.

Willmake: A flying bear? Ah, what a wonderful invention, it's cooling down the whole factory.

McClackery: Oh, Sir!

Willmake: Where's it gone, Miss McClackerty? Woah! Oh, my word.

Ted: Steady now!

Roy: Woah!

Ted: Back to me a bit Panjit, that's it.

Panjit: I'm doing my best.

Roy: Oh oh, er er er! What are you doing down there, Ted?

Nell: Oh! Mind my ice cream!

Willmake: That was a wonderful idea Ted, the factory is much cooler now; how did you think of it?

Ted: I didn't Sir, Bertha made it, Mr. Sprott thought of pumping it up and Roy let the air out.

Willmake: Well done Mr. Sprott, well done Roy and well done Bertha!

The Tea Nurse

Narrator: Today at Spottiswood & Company, Bertha is making watering cans; Roy is checking to see that they're alright before he passes them on to T.O.M..

Roy: Ted, Bertha has stopped!

Ted: Yes, I wonder why she did that.

Nell: Maybe she's fed up with making watering cans.

Flo: That's probably what it is, she's been making them for three days now.

Ted: No, I don't think she's fed up Nell, maybe something is stuck inside her.

Roy: Bertha's switched off, Ted.

Ted: Eh? Yeah, she is. 'ow did that happen?

Roy: I didn't do it; and Nell was packing and Flo was stacking.

Ted: Who could've switched her off? Do you suppose T.O.M did it?

Nell: Oh no, T.O.M. didn't do it; he was helping me.

Ted: Well, somebody must've done it, Bertha wouldn't just switch herself off.

Nell: She might, if she was bored with making watering cans.

Flo: Mmm.

Ted: No no, Bertha would go on working. Well, that is a mystery. Huh, back to work everybody. Not again!

Roy: Bertha's switched herself off again, Ted.

Ted: Hm, why does she keep doing that?

Nell: It's funny, isn't it?

Flo: Like Ted said, it's a mystery.

Ted: I'll switch her on again. T.O.M., come and stand 'ere and see what 'appens. So what 'appened, T.O.M.? So that's what's causin' Bertha to stop, the lever's broken.

Roy: We won't be able to make anymore watering cans until that's repaired, Ted.

Ted: No, you're right Roy, I'd better go see Mr. Sprott.

Nell: What shall we do, Ted?

Ted: You can clear away those broken boxes, I should be back soon.

Roy: Okay Ted, I'll get the dumper truck. Throw the boxes into the dumper, Nell.

Nell: Ouch!

Flo: What's the matter?

Nell: Ooh, I've cut my finger, ooh.

Roy: How did you do that, Nell?

Nell: On the sharp edge of that old box, ooh.

Flo: Let me see.

Nell: Ooh!

Flo: Oh, it's only a scratch, but you'd better put something on it.

Nell: I'll tie my handkerchief round it.

Roy: Hm, I think you ought to have a proper bandage on that, Nell.

Flo: Yes, your handkerchief might not be all that clean.

Roy: Mrs. Tupp has the first aid box in her kitchen, I'll send T.O.M. with a note for her. T.O.M., take this note to Mrs. Tupp in the kitchen.

Narrator: Ted is in the design office talking to Mr. Sprott about Bertha's broken lever.

Sprott: Hm yes, yes that does sound serious. I don't know if we have any of those levers in stock, Ted; before I can find out, I must know the part number. Now, these are the plans of Bertha; and as you can see, some are very old.

Tracey: How old is she, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: I-I don't rightly know, Bertha was here long before I came; you see, Bertha has been modernized over the years. Aha, here we are, hm, er, is that the lever Ted?

Ted: Yeah, that's-that's the one, the on and off lever.

Sprott: Mhm, part number C-246, punch that up on your computer Tracey and see if we have it in stock.

Tracey: Right, let's have a look. What can we find? Hm, well I'm afraid it looks as if we haven't got that particular lever in stock, Mr. Sprott.

Ted: I don't know what we're gonna do then, Bertha can't make any more watering cans because she keeps stopping.

Sprott: I'll come and have a look at her Ted, maybe something can be done. Oh-er, thank you Tracey, shan't be long.

Vocalist: *There's a very pleasant lady with a happy kinda job
And she's usually got a great big kettle boiling on the hob*

*Because she's Mrs. Tupp who makes a cup of lovely fresh-brewed tea
Oh she's proud to be supplying help to all the factory
When the tea break comes, she's there with cakes and rolls and buns
Stacked on her trolley, on her trolley*

*The folks know they're in luck with the jolly Mrs. Tupp
As she can even turn some nursing, ease a bruise or patch a cut
They can find her in the canteen fixing food and teas and such
For her trolley, for her trolley*

*Oh the tea break, lovely tea break
What a good thing to relax to, have a cup of tea and chat
Oh the tea break, lovely tea break
Time to take your ease and sit around just as your please*

*Oh the tea break, lovely tea break
That's the time to just relax , to take a bite and have a chat
Do-do-do-do do-do-do-do do-do-do-do do-do-do*

*Mrs. Tupp, she makes a cup of lovely fresh-brewed tea
And in addition, gives a hand when everyone gets really busy
But when tea break comes, she's there was cakes and rolls and buns
On her trolley, on her trolley*

*The jolly Mrs. Tupp with her trolley
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la*

Narrator: Mrs. Tupp, back in her kitchen, is tidying up; she has all the teacups to wash.

Tupp: Hello T.O.M., what 'ave you got there? A note for me? Oh dearie me, Nell has cut her finger and needs a bandage from the first aid box. Yes well, she'll need a nurse to put the bandage on properly. I'd better check the first aid box. Bandages, sticky plaster, lint, ointment, scissors, everything we need is 'ere, T.O.M.. Now, if you will carry this for me, we'll go and see the patient. Come along, T.O.M.

Roy: I'll just go and dump these old boxes outside.

Flo: Is it still hurting, Nell?

Nell: Yes, it's stinging. Ooh, I wish Mrs. Tupp would hurry up.

Ted: What's the matter, Nell?

Flo: Nell's cut her finger on one of those old broken boxes.

Sprott: Oh dear, that can be nasty; you must have something done about it.

Nell: Mrs. Tupp is coming with the first aid box.

Sprott: Good. Now Ted, show me this broken lever on Bertha. Is this the one? Aha, yes. Well, we haven't got one of these in the factory, we'll have to buy a new one tomorrow.

Ted: But what will we do about working this afternoon?

Sprott: Yes, that is a problem, isn't it?

Tupp: Put the first aid box down there, T.O.M.. Let me see your finger, Nell. Oh don't worry, it's not as bad as it looks; I'll put some ointment on first, it'll keep out the germs and make it feel better. Hold it there for me Nell, while I get the bandage; does it hurt dear?

Nell: It's throbbing a bit now.

Tupp: That'll soon go away, hold the end Nell; and I'll put some sticky plaster on it. Hold that for me, T.O.M.. There now, that should do it, alright?

Nell: Thank you Mrs. Tupp, you're our tea nurse. Oh, T.O.M. has got himself all stuck-up with the tape.

Tupp: Stay still, T.O.M.. There we are.

Ted: Hey, that gives me an idea; I think Bertha could do with some first aid, Mrs. Tupp.

Tupp: Oh dear, 'as she been in the wars too?

Ted: She's got a broken lever, bring yer sticky tape. I've thought of a way of keeping Bertha workin' until we get the new lever, Mr. Sprott. Do you think you could put some sticky tape round that Mrs. Tupp, to er, stop it switching off?

Tupp: Oh yes, of course.

Sprott: I'll hold the lever on and you put the tape around.

Tupp: Is that alright?

Sprott: That is splendid, Mrs. Tupp.

Ted: That should 'old it on until we get a new lever.

Sprott: Thank you Mrs. Tupp, you make a jolly fine nurse.

Tupp: What did Bertha say?

Ted: Haha, I think she said "Thank you, Mrs. Tupp".

Tupp: Oh, ha, oh she's welcome, I'm sure.

Roy: Here come the watering cans, Ted.

Ted: Good old Bertha. Back to work, everybody.

More Speed, Less Work

Narrator: Today at Spottiswood & Company, Bertha is making garden gnomes; T.O.M. takes them to Nell & Flo to paint them in bright colors. These are the blocks that the gnomes are made from.

Roy: Here are some more blocks, Ted.

Ted: Thank you Roy, we'll stack them down here.

Flo: I've given this one funny eyes, Nell.

Nell: Well, I don't suppose it will mind.

Flo: Do you have any gnomes in your garden?

Nell: No, not in our garden; we only have weeds.

Flo: I think I'll make this one special and give it a blue spot on the top of his hat.

Nell: Oh, that does look special.

Panjit: Good morning Ted, morning Roy. Who are these little fellows?

Nell: They're garden gnomes.

Panjit: What do they do in the garden?

Flo: They don't do anything, they just sit around next to flowers and things.

Panjit: Why do they wear funny hats?

Flo: So that people will know that they're gnomes of course.

Panjit: Where can you buy them?

Nell: Oh, in gardening shops.

Panjit: If I had a gnome in my garden, it would have to wear a turban.

Flo: Would it still be a gnome, then?

Nell: Why don't you ask Ted to get Bertha to make you one with a turban?

Panjit: That will be jolly nice, could Bertha do that?

Flo: Bertha can do anything.

Nell: Anything, best machine in the factory.

Panjit: I will do as you say, I will ask Ted to make me a gnome with a turban.

Nell: Hey Flo, look at Mr. Duncan.

Flo: Where?

Nell: Over there, see?

Duncan: Hm, let's see, hm, tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk...

Flo: Yes I see him, he's writing things down on his clipboard.

Nell: I wonder why.

Narrator: All morning, Mr. Duncan has been watching people at work; he checks his watch and then writes on his clipboard.

Duncan: Aha, Mrs. Tupp next.

Tupp: Nearly boiled, are we Ernie? Hm, about another five minutes to go. Now, where did I put those currant cakes?

Duncan: Huhuh. Five minutes, eh?

Tupp: Oh, if you're waitin' for a cup o' tea Mr. Duncan, it's not quite ready.

Duncan: Bah! It's all too slow.

Tupp: Well I never, I wonder what he wanted.

Tracey: Nought, cross, nought. Haha! I've won.

Narrator: Now Mr. Duncan is watching Tracey in the design office.

Duncan: [mumbling]

Tracey: Mr. Spratt isn't here at the moment, Mr. Duncan; did you want to see him?

Duncan: Eh-ah-wha-ah-er no. Not now, no.

Tracey: I wonder what he wanted.

McClackerty: Did you want something, Mr. Duncan?

Duncan: Well er, er, er...

McClackerty: The manager is not here this morning.

Duncan: I know, he and Mr. Sprott are at a meeting; so I am in charge of the factory until they come back.

McClackerty: Yes, I suppose you are.

Duncan: And I've been going around the factory watching people.

McClackerty: Why have you been doing that, Mr. Duncan?

Duncan: To see how long it takes people to do their jobs, it's all down here; everyone in this factory is working far too slowly, time is money Miss McClackerty.

McClackerty: It's a very happy factory.

Duncan: Mmm aye, that may be so, but people are paid to work hard. There are some changes I am going to make.

McClackerty: Oh dear, I don't think the manager will like that Mr. Duncan.

Duncan: Oho, he will when he reads my notes, it's all written down here.

McClackerty: I hope Mr. Willmake comes back soon.

Ted: So Panjit, you'd like Bertha to make a gnome wearing a turban?

Panjit: Yes please, if it would not be too much trouble Ted.

Ted: Let me 'ave that one, Roy. Bertha's gonna make a gnome with a turban.

Flo: There, I told you Bertha could do it.

Duncan: Alright, what's going on here? Nobody working as usual?

Ted: We've all been working very hard.

Duncan: No ya haven't, you've been playing around; and I have been watching you, it's all written down here.

Flo: So that's why he was watching us, Nell.

Nell: He's been spying on us.

Duncan: This is not spying, it is called "time and motion study"; it is to find out how fast people work and to see how quickly machines make things, it is this machine that's too slow. When you finish this job Ted, I am closing Bertha down for good.

Ted: But Bertha's the best machine in the factory!

Duncan: She is too old and too slow. Ah! Oh! And far too clever behalf.

Roy: You can't close down Bertha.

Flo: What will happen to all of us?

Duncan: You'll all be given other jobs to do around the factory.

Nell: What about T.O.M.? He only works with Bertha.

Duncan: He can keep the offices clean; in fact, he can start right now.

Ted: We must organize a protest.

Narrator: Later that afternoon, Tracey went to see Miss McClackerty.

Tracey: Miss McClackerty, what are we going to do? Mr. Duncan says that we're not working hard enough; and he's going round the factory changing everyone's job.

McClackerty: I know, I wish Mr. Willmake was here.

Tracey: What's T.O.M. doing here?

McClackerty: This is his new job, he's not allowed to work with Bertha anymore.

Tracey: Oh dear, poor old T.O.M.. I'm going to see Ted about this.

McClackerty: I'll come with you.

Tracey: No T.O.M., you stay here and tidy the office.

Willmake: Huh-erm! What on earth is going on here? That plant pot nearly hit me. Hello T.O.M., where is everybody? You shouldn't be up here, come on T.O.M.; I want to see what has been happening during my absence.

McClackerty: Oh! Mr. Willmake, thank goodness you're back.

Willmake: What on earth's the matter, Miss McClackerty?

McClackerty: Mr. Duncan's closed down Bertha, she's not allowed to work anymore.

Sprott: But Bertha's our best machine.

Ted, Roy, Nell & Flo: Bertha's best! Bertha's best! Bertha's best! Bertha's best! Bertha's best!
Bertha's best! Bertha's best! Bertha's best! Bertha's best!

Tupp: Now come along, time to stop protesting and have a nice cup of tea.

Nell: I haven't seen a teapot like that before, Mrs. Tupp.

Tupp: This is Mr. Duncan's idea to speed up the tea break.

Duncan: Sorry, no more tea breaks this afternoon.

Willmake: Now, what's all this protesting Ted?

Ted: Don't shut down Bertha!

Roy: Bertha is the best machine!

Nell: Bertha must stay!

Flo: We like working with Bertha!

Ted, Roy, Nell & Flo: Bertha's best! Bertha's best! Bertha's best!

Willmake: Ah, there is Mr. Duncan. Will you explain what's going on, Mr. Duncan?

Duncan: Whilst you've been away Sir, I've been reorganizing the factory to make it more efficient.

Sprott: But the factory works perfectly well as it is.

Duncan: I've done a time and motion study Sir, everybody works too slowly; especially this machine, it's all written down here.

Willmake: Where?

Duncan: Here-eh!?

Willmake: Where?

Duncan: Hey!

Willmake: Come along Mr. Duncan, what have you got written down? Show me.

Duncan: My clipboard! My-my stopwatch! Ah-ah!

Willmake: Yes yes, but where are they?

Duncan: Inside Bertha!

Willmake: Aha, inside Bertha eh? Then you've nothing to show me. Come along Mr. Sprott, we must let Bertha get back to work.

Sprott: Find something better to do with your time Mr. Duncan, more motion maybe.

Willmake: You can stop your protest now Ted, everything is back to normal.

Roy: We can go on working with Bertha?

Nell: With me packing?

Flo: And me stacking?

Willmake: Yes, carry on Ted; you can all go on working with Bertha.

Nell: Oh, I'm glad that's over. Flo, look!

Flo: Well I never!

Nell: Would you believe it? That's Mr. Duncan's clipboard.

Flo: And his stopwatch, hahahaha!

Ted: Haha, good old Bertha, she knew what to do.

The Big Order

Narrator: This afternoon at Spottiswood & Company, Bertha is making nuts & bolts. As each bolt is made, Nell & Flo screw on a nut and send them down to T.O.M.; who puts them into the dumper truck. Roy is putting in the right lengths of steel rod, which Bertha uses to make the nuts & bolts.

Ted: Aha, twenty thousand, seven hundred and forty-five. Huh, job nearly completed.

Narrator: In his office, Mr. Willmake, the manager, is reading the afternoon post.

Willmake: Mhm, this is an order from Sprangers, they want to know if we have a machine that can make them special springs.

McClackerty: A new order? Good.

Willmake: Look, they've sent a diagram with the specifications.

McClackerty: Yes I see, bouncy springs; how many do they want us to make?

Willmake: Er, three hundred and sixty-five; we could get Bertha to make them, what's she doing at the moment?

McClackerty: Erm, she's making nuts & bolts.

Willmake: Aha, that shouldn't take her very long. Mr. Sprott could reprogram her to make these special springs, telephone him and see if he's busy.

McClackerty: Yes, Sir.

Narrator: In his office, Mr. Sprott is designing a new kind of bolt.

Sprott: Well now, what do you think of that?

Tracey: What's different about this one, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: This bolt will be made out of plastic.

Tracey: Is that a good idea?

Sprott: A brilliant idea! It wouldn't rust if you left it out in the wet, it wouldn't hurt you if you accidentally dropped it on your foot; and if you happen to lose it, you could easily find it again because it is red.

Tracey: Hello? Design office.

Sprott: Yes yes, plastic bolts are a good idea.

Tracey: The manager would like to see you in his office, Mr. Sprott.

Sprott: Right, I'm off.

Roy: How many more bolts, Ted?

Ted: Er, seven.

Roy: One, two... ..six, seven.

Ted: ...six, seven. Right, that's the lot; all bolts made.

Nell: And the last nut going on.

Ted: Okay then, that's the lot Roy; take them to the dispatch department.

Willmake: Good afternoon Ted, I see that you've finished making the nuts & bolts. I have a very important job for Bertha to make some special springs.

Ted: What sort of springs, Mr. Willmake?

Willmake: I have the order here, with a drawing.

Sprott: I have worked out all the calculations, Tracey put it on her computer; here is the card to program Bertha.

Ted: To make this sorta spring, we'll need special steel.

Sprott: I think Panjit has got some in the dispatch department.

Ted: Good, we'll get some and start work. Erm, 'ow many springs does Bertha 'ave to make?

Willmake: Three hundred and sixty-five.

Ted: Alright Mr. Willmake, I'll let you know when they've been made. Er, T.O.M., find Roy and go with 'im to the dispatch department; he'll ask Panjit to let you have some "whippy springy steel". Off you go.

Vocalist: *The young apprentice, Roy joined the factory as a boy*

*A willing pair of hands, whenever time and need demands
Though he may be shy at talking, he thinks very hard while working
Climbing to success and he won't be second best*

*Dreaming, dreaming time away
He's thinking of the time when fortune smiles and comes his way
Dreaming, dreaming time away
His favourite little pastime, going through the day
Dreaming, dreaming time away
His favourite little pastime, going through the day*

*He likes to think about the time when promotion comes on line
The moment he'll be boss and then become the driving force
Sitting proudly at the big desk on the main first floor
His name across the entrance of the manager's door*

*He's only dreaming, dreaming time away
He's thinking of the time when fortune smile and comes his way
Dreaming, dreaming time away
His favourite little pastime, going through the day
Dreaming, dreaming time away
His favourite little pastime, going through the day*

Roy: For me? Thank you. Aha, "springy steel from Panjit"; okay, come on T.O.M.. Panjit! Hey, what are you doing up there?

Panjit: Ah, it is most fortunate that you have come, Roy; I'm in a bit of a fix. You see, I've raised myself up here but cannot lower myself down again; would you mind pulling the lever with the red knob on top?

Roy: This one?

Panjit: That is most kind of you. Unfortunately, my ladder is broken and I had to reach those boxes on the top shelf; so like the clever dick I am, I pulled the lever and went up on the machine. But when I wanted to come down again, I couldn't reach the lever; so I was well stuck up there until you came along.

Roy: Yes, that was a silly thing to do.

Panjit: I said that to myself many times while I was waiting up there. What can I do for you?

Roy: Ted has sent us to fetch some whippy springy steel, Bertha's gonna make some springs.

Panjit: Ah yes, I have some special springy steel, but you will have to be very careful when you move it.

Roy: Why?

Panjit: Because it is very whippy and springy; and very hard to move from one place to another. Come, I will show you.

Roy: Is that it?

Panjit: This is it.

Roy: Looks alright to me. Woahohoah! P-Panjit, get hold of the other end!

Panjit: No thank you, I've had a bad time with this steel already; it took me two days to put it where it is now.

Roy: Woahohoahoah! T.O.M., get hold of the other end! Ah, I see what you mean Panjit, now how do we get it back to Bertha?

Panjit: You must hold it very gently and walk very carefully.

Roy: Okay, let's try. T.O.M., move very slowly. Steady. T.O.M., steady! Woahohoah, I can't hold it! T.O.M.. T.O.M., come back!

Ted: What was that, Nell?

Nell: I dunno; what was that, Flo?

Flo: I think it was T.O.M..

Roy: Have you seen T.O.M.?

Flo: He went that way, being chased by something.

Ted: What's wrong, Roy?

Roy: T.O.M. got hold of some of the springy steel and he can't let go; I'd better go after him.

Ted: No, wait til he comes round again and then we can grab 'im.

Duncan: Hi-oh-wha, what was that?

Ted: Here he comes, get ready to grab him as he passes.

Flo: Ooh! Oops! Well, T.O.M.'s alright; he had a bit of a fright, that's all.

Ted: Well now that we have the springy steel, we can make some springs; feed it into Bertha, Roy.

Sprott: Er, how are you getting along Ted?

Ted: This'll be the first one, Mr. Sprott.

Sprott: Mhm, that's not quite right; try again, Ted. Square springs, most unusual; I must've got my calculations wrong. Erm, do something Ted.

Ted: Uhuh, rounder I think; and a bit thinner.

Tupp: Anyone for tea?

Sprott: Still not right, we need to give Bertha the actual size and shape of springs to make.

Ted: I think I have the answer, look what Mrs. Tupp has got in her hair.

Sprott: By jove yes, I see it. Mrs. Tupp, may I borrow one of your curlers?

Tupp: Oh, with pleasure.

Sprott: It's the same size and shape of the springs we have to make.

Tupp: But I need it back.

Sprott: Of course Mrs. Tupp, as soon as Bertha has had a good look at it. Well done Bertha, exactly right. Here you are, Mrs. Tupp; and many thanks.

Tupp: You're welcome, Sir.

Ted: Now that Bertha knows what to make, we can get on and make three hundred and sixty-five springs.

Roy: What shall we do with these, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: Anything you like, I don't think they're of much use.

Roy: Hahahahaha, I've got an idea; I'll take them to Panjit.

Panjit: Are you sure about this, Roy?

Roy: Try Panjit, jump.

Panjit: Woah! Woah! Woah-ho, my goodness! They work! Thank you Royoyoyoyoyoyoy...

Roy: Hahahahaha, don't thank me, thank Bertha.

The Burglars

Narrator: Today at Spottiswood & Company, Bertha is making jumping kangaroos; Roy puts a battery inside each one before passing it to T.O.M.. Nell is packing them into their kangaroo boxes; Flo is stacking them, ready for Panjit to take them to the dispatch department.

Panjit: Thank you, Flo.

Ted: Shouldn't you be testing them, Roy?

Roy: I tested one earlier, they're really good; I had to stop it jumping too high.

Ted: How do they switch on?

Roy: You lift up the tail.

Ted: What, like this? Whoops! Catch it, Roy!

Roy: Catch it, T.O.M.!

Flo: Look out, Nell!

Nell: Oh! What was that?

Ted: Here it comes!

Roy: Got it!

Ted: Missed it! Where's it gone now? Er...

Roy: Down there. Watch out, Flo!

Flo: Oh! My goodness!

Willmake: What are those boxes doing, Miss McClackerty?

McClackerty: They seem to be jumping up and down, Sir.

Tracey: What was that? What is all that noise, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: Er, noise? What noise? What's going on? Aha, I've got it, someone must be testing my kangaroos; they're working quite well, don't you think?

Roy: What shall we do, Ted?

Ted: We'll 'ave to wait until the batteries run down!

Tupp: Tea's up. Oh! Ooh! Oh! My trolley! Stop it, someone!

Willmake: What do you make of this, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: Rather splendid, don't you think Sir? Those leaping kangaroos are working awfully well, aren't they?

Willmake: But how do you stop them, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: You just turn them off, Sir.

Willmake: But how do you catch them to turn them off?

Sprott: Oh! Er... I... don't really know.

Willmake: So it's back to the drawing board, eh Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: Huh, fraid so Sir.

Roy: I think they're running down, Ted.

Ted: And about time too.

Flo: Well I never.

Nell: What a mess.

Ted: We'll 'ave to open all these boxes and replace the batteries.

Roy: Shall I put a new one in this fella, Ted?

Ted: Yes, but be careful; we don't want to set it off again.

Duncan: I believe these belong to you, I found them over the other side of the factory.

Ted: Thank you, Mr. Duncan.

Duncan: Yes well, be more careful in the future. Ah, good. Hahah, that's nearly home.

Ted: Come on Roy, time to go home; you too Nell & Flo, leave all that til the morning.

Roy: Night, Ted! Goodbye T.O.M., see you in the morning.

Narrator: It is night in the factory, everything is still and quiet. T.O.M. can't wait for the new day to start; and he can begin work again. T.O.M. has heard something unusual, someone is trying to force open the big doors.

Horace: Is this the place?

Bill: Course it's the place, ssh!

Horace: Well, where's the safe then?

Bill: It's up in the office.

Horace: What office?

Bill: Up there, see? Come on, we musn't make a mess; leave everything tidy, okay?

Horace: Yeah, leave everythin' tidy, er... er, why?

Bill: So no-one will know we've been 'ere.

Horace: Ohh, er...

Bill: You go first, 'orace.

Horace: Why? You said you knew where the safe was.

Bill: Oh yeah, come on.

Horace: 'ere Bill, what was that?

Bill: What was what?

Horace: Er, I thought I 'eard someone, down there.

Bill: It's yer imagination, there ain't nobody down there.

Horace: But I 'eard somethin' I tell ya.

Bill: It's probably mice, come on. Now, let's see... Nope, no, that's no good, huh. We'll be 'ere all night, I'd better use this.

Horace: Ssh ssh, listen. What's that noise?

Bill: It's me trying to open a safe.

Horace: No no, not that; that, listen. It sounds like someone sweepin'.

Bill: Go and 'ave a look then.

Horace: I don't like this, I don't like it one little bit. Ahrm-hrmp, is there anyone down there? Bill!
Bill!

Bill: Two 'undred, three 'undred, er, er... er, er-ah-ah four 'undred...

Horace: Bill!

Bill: What?

Horace: There is somebody down there, I 'eard them. Come on, let's get out of 'ere.

Bill: Alright, I'm nearly finished. Okay, let's go.

Horace: Wh-wh-wh-what was that?

Bill: Just listen.

Horace: I'm off!

Bill: Ooh, wait for me!

Horace: Argh! Aah!

Bill: Oh!

Narrator: A burglar has slipped on the oil and started Bertha.

Horace: Come on Bill, let's get out of 'ere!

Bill: The bag, I've dropped the bag!

Narrator: When Mr. Willmake, the manager, arrived at work the next morning, he found the safe open; and the money gone.

Willmake: Oh dear, all the money for the wages has gone; this is awful. Miss McClackerty, you had better telephone for the police.

McClackerty: Very well, Sir.

Willmake: Mr. Duncan, you had better tell everybody the bad news, there's no money to pay the wages this week.

Duncan: Aye Sir, I will do that.

Ted: I can't understand it Roy, I'm sure I switched Bertha off before I went 'ome.

Roy: It's funny, isn't it? And where's T.O.M.?

Nell: Here he comes. Oh, thank you T.O.M..

Ted: I wonder what went on 'ere last night.

Duncan: I can tell ya that Ted, someone broke into the factory last night and stole all the money from the safe.

Flo: Oh no!

Nell: What? All the money?

Duncan: Yes, the lot; so Mr. Willmake has asked me to tell you that he's very sorry, but there'll be no money to pay the wages this week

Narrator: But Bertha knows what really happened.

Ted: Eh? What's this? It's full of money!

Duncan: Aye, so it is.

Roy: It must be the money stolen from the safe

Willmake: The money from the safe? You've found the money!? That's wonderful! It seems to be all there. Well done, everybody!

Ted: We didn't do anything Mr. Willmake, it's a mystery; Bertha did it all-erm, and T.O.M..

Willmake: Goodness me, well well, thank you Bertha and thank you T.O.M.; now we can all be paid this week!

Duncan: Good good, aye well, thank you Bertha; you're... ..not such a bad machine after all.

Bertha's Birthday Party

Narrator: Today at Spottiswood & Company, Bertha is making cuckoo clocks; Roy tests each one, he sets the hands to three o'clock.

Roy: This one's working alright, Ted. Here you are, T.O.M..

Nell: Thank you, T.O.M.. There you are, Flo. Don't stack them too high Flo, we don't want them falling down.

Flo: Alright, I won't. Oh, you'd better give me a hand Nell.

Ted: Try that one with the hands at four o'clock, Roy.

Roy: It's okay, Ted.

Narrator: Nell is helping Flo stack the boxes; and doesn't know that T.O.M. is waiting. T.O.M. wonders why the bird keeps hiding in the clock.

Nell: Oh, this one is broken Roy.

Roy: That's funny, it was alright just now. Did you do this, T.O.M.? We've got a broken one here, Ted.

Ted: Broken? Let me try it. Hm, I wonder how that happened. Put it to one side Roy, try the next one with the hands at five o'clock.

Roy: One, two, three, four, five. Okay, Ted. Why do we call them "hands"? They look more like arms to me.

Ted: I suppose because they point to the numbers.

Roy: But you can't point without using your arms, can you? I mean, like this.

Flo: I think Roy wants something Nell, he's waving at you.

Nell: Oh yes. Did you want something, Roy?

Roy: No, it's alright Nell; I was just using my arms to point.

Nell: At what?

Ted: We were talkin' about hands on a clock.

Roy: Yes, those things that point at the numbers Nell; w-why are they called "hands" and not "arms"?

Nell: I dunno. Why are hands on a clock called "hands", Flo?

Flo: Because they've always been called hands, it would be daft to start calling them arms.

Roy: Why? I mean, you point with your arms, don't you? Like this.

Narrator: Mrs. Tupp, the tea lady, thinks Roy is waving to her.

Tupp: Alright, I'm coming. Everyone's in a 'urry for their tea...

Narrator: Panjit also thinks that Roy is waving at him.

Panjit: Very well, I shall be along soon. Everybody wants their boxes collected at once...

Tupp: Oh! Ooh, whoops!

Panjit: I am very sorry Mrs. Tupp, I was driving most carelessly; I hope I haven't spilt your tea.

Tupp: That was quite a bang you gave me, Panjit.

Panjit: I am sincerely sorry, I was hurrying you see; because I thought Roy was waving at me.

Tupp: He was waving at me, that's why I was hurrying; there, you see? I'm coming, I'm coming.

Panjit: I'm coming, I'm coming. I must be more careful and not drive so fast.

Nell: Here comes Mrs. Tupp.

Flo: Oh good, time for a cup of tea.

Tupp: I came as fast as I could.

Ted: We'll let Mrs. Tupp settle the argument.

Roy: Mrs. Tupp, do you point with your arms or your hands?

Tupp: My finger, like this.

Ted: Quite right Mrs. Tupp, perhaps we'd better call them fingers on the clock.

Flo: Do you know what I've often wondered?

Nell: What?

Flo: Why it's called a clock "face".

Tupp: I should 'ave a nice cup of tea luv; and stop worrying about clocks.

Narrator: In the design office, Mr. Sprott is working on a new clock that he's just invented.

Sprott: Put this piece there, aha that's right, good good; and that piece there. Haha, ah splendid, it's ready to go.

Tracey: What makes it work, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: Most clocks have to be wound up or have a battery, this one will work with just one jug of water.

Tracey: Really?

Sprott: I'll show you, pass me that jug of water please; but take the flowers out first. That's it, now watch. The water drips slowly from this valve and onto this propeller; making it turn. Inside the clock, all the cogs and wheels begin to go round; making the hands on the clock move and show the time.

Tracey: Mr. Sprott, you're a genius!

Sprott: Oh, haha, well it er, took a bit of working out; I must check it to see if it keeps good time. It doesn't tick like an ordinary clock; but if you listen carefully, you can hear it going "splat, splat, splat".

Tracey: It's very quiet.

Sprott: Yes yes, this is a very restful sort of clock; now as you quite rightly say, you can hardly hear it working.

Tracey: That's because it stopped.

Sprott: Oh dear, the water isn't dripping; the valve must be stuck, I'll soon fix that. Aah! Ah! Oh!

Tracey: Oh, you're all wet Mr. Sprott.

Sprott: Mhm, now my watch has stopped.

Tracey: Well, you'll just have to invent another sort of clock.

Sprott: Mmm, yes; it's time I got back to the drawing board.

Tracey: And time I got some fresh water for the flowers.

Narrator: Miss McClackerty has been finding time to tidy her office; at the back of the filing cabinet, she's found some old papers.

McClackerty: Well I never, fancy that.

Willmake: Come in.

McClackerty: Mr. Willmake, I found some old papers about Bertha.

Willmake: Really? Let me see. Mhm.

McClackerty: It says that Bertha first came to the factory fifty years ago.

Willmake: Mhm, that must've been in my grandfather's day.

McClackerty: It says she came here fifty years ago tomorrow, tomorrow is Bertha's birthday.

Willmake: By jove, so it is; we ought to have a celebration.

McClackerty: Have a birthday party, with presents for her.

Willmake: What sort of presents can you give a machine?

McClackerty: Ted could give her some new oil, Roy could give her a spot of paint, we could all polish her and make her look grand.

Willmake: I could give her the day off.

McClackerty: Mrs. Tupp could make her a birthday cake; and we could have a party tomorrow morning.

Willmake: A splendid idea, Miss McClackerty. Tell everybody about the anniversary and say “we’ll meet at Bertha tomorrow morning”. Bertha, fifty years old, my word. Well well well...

Narrator: The next morning, Mrs Tupp arrived early to make Bertha's birthday cake; T.O.M. wants to help her.

Tupp: Alright T.O.M., you can give me a hand to ice the cake.

Narrator: Ted, Roy, Nell & Flo also arrived early to make Bertha look her best.

Nell: You’ve got to look your best today, Bertha.

Ted: I’ll just tighten this up a bit...

Narrator: Bertha wonders what all the fuss is about.

Sprott: It’s nearly time, gather round everybody.

Roy: Happy birthday, Bertha.

Ted: Happy birthday, Bertha.

Flo: Many happy returns, Bertha.

Nell: Happy birthday Bertha, fancy being fifty.

Duncan: Och well er, happy birthday Bertha, yeah you’re not so bad for such an old machine.

Panjit: A very merry birthday, Bertha.

Willmake: Ahem-ahe-he-herm-herm er, I would just like to say how proud we are of Bertha; and to say thank you to her for the fifty years she has worked in the factory. As a birthday treat, I’m giving her the day off.

Ted: Well, ‘ow about that? No work today, eh Bertha?

Willmake: And since this is such a special day, I think my grandfather, who first brought Bertha to the factory, should be here to share it.

Roy: Come on, Mrs. Tupp.

Tupp: I’m ‘ere, I’m ‘ere. Phew, I’m all puffed, it’s all been such a rush. Now, who would like a nice cup of birthday tea?

McClackerty: Where's the birthday cake, Mrs. Tupp?

Tupp: Ah yes, that is being brought by my new helper.

Nell: Oh, that looks very nice Mrs. Tupp.

Flo: It looks lovely.

Tracey: Really smashing.

Ted: Thank you Bertha, you really are the best machine.

The Big Sneeze

Narrator: Today at Spottiswood & Company, Bertha is making beach balls for the summer season. But inside the factory, the heating system has broken down; and everyone is working in their outdoor clothes, it is Winter and very cold.

Roy: Brr...

Nell: Number five, Flo.

Flo: Okay, Nell. Brr... Ooh, it's freezing!

Roy: Come on Bertha, you're so slow. Ted, can't you get Bertha to work any faster? We're all getting very cold waiting around.

Ted: It's this Winter weather makin' her work so slowly.

Roy: Gosh, what's this?

Nell: Oh dear, that's not a beach ball.

Flo: Looks nothing like a beach ball.

Roy: It looks like a big snowball.

Ted: It is a big snowball.

Roy: Another one!

Nell: Another snowball.

Flo: Two snowballs.

Roy: People won't want to buy these to take to the beach in Summer.

Ted: You're right, I'd better stop Bertha before she makes any more.

Narrator: Mr. Duncan, the foreman, has come to see what is wrong.

Duncan: What's happening here, Ted?

Ted: I went to switch her off, Mr. Duncan; Bertha's so cold, she's makin' snowballs instead of beach balls.

Duncan: Hm, well they're not much use, are they?

Nell: Shall we pack them, Mr. Duncan?

Flo: Put them in a net with the others?

Duncan: No no, put them to one side and wait for them to melt; you'll probably find a beach ball inside.

Ted: T.O.M., put this in the corner.

Flo: I'll help you, T.O.M.. Now, stay there. Whoops! Ooh!

Roy: Hahahahahaha, are you playing snowballs Flo?

Flo: Thank you, Roy. Oop, ooh I've got a cold bottom.

Duncan: Start her up again, Ted; I know it's cold, but Bertha must keep working.

Ted: Righto Mr. Duncan, but she won't like it.

Nell: Look at that. Shall I pack this one, Mr. Duncan?

Flo: Or shall I put it with the snowballs?

Duncan: Leave it there, haha. Hm, there's something wrong with this machine.

Ted: Yes, she's freezing.

Duncan: Well, you'll have to find a way of keeping her warm until Mr. Sprott has repaired the heating system.

Narrator: Tracey is helping Mr. Sprott to find out what is wrong with the factory's heating.

Tracey: Please hurry up, Mr. Sprott; I'm so cold, I don't think I can hold the ladder much longer.

Sprott: I'm afraid it'll be a while yet Tracey, I can't see what's gone wrong; the hot water is not getting from the boiler to the fan.

Tracey: Maybe one of the pipes is blocked.

Sprott: That's probably what it is, well done Tracey; give me a spanner.

Tracey: Spanner.

Sprott: Pliers.

Tracey: Pliers.

Sprott: Hammer.

Tracey: Hammer.

Sprott: Torch.

Tracey: You left the torch up there, Mr. Sprott.

Sprott: Yes, so I did, so I did.

Roy: I have an electric fire at home, Ted; if I went and fetched that, it might keep Bertha warm.

Ted: Yes, that's a good idea Roy; you go and get the fire and I'll take this and show it to the manager.

Roy: Right, shan't be long.

Ted: Up you come. Oops! Whoops! Heh...

Nell: Let me help you, Ted.

Ted: If you and Flo lift it up, I'll put my arms underneath.

Flo: Whoops!

Nell: I can't hold it.

Flo: How do we do it, Ted?

Panjit: A very frosty morning to everyone. What is that there?

Ted: That's a beach ball in a block of ice, Bertha made it.

Panjit: Goodness me, that is something I've never seen before; what is it for, Winter sports? Hahahahaha...

Ted: Put it on there Nell, while I have a think.

Panjit: You cannot leave it there, I have work to do.

Tupp: Oh you poor dears, you look so cold; what about a nice hot cup of tea to warm you up?

Nell: My hands are so cold.

Tupp: What about you, Ted?

Ted: Not just now Mrs. Tupp, I've gotta get this block of ice up to the manager's office.

Nell: It's very difficult to carry.

Flo: Because it's so slippery.

Tupp: Mmm, it would be, but Bertha must be very cold to make a thing like that.

Ted: Whoops! It's slippin'!

Panjit: Let me help you, Ted.

Ted: Thank you T.O.M., now why didn't I think of that? Hold the net open, Panjit. That's it, now I can take it up to the manager's office. Good mornin' Miss McClackerty, I'd like to see the manager.

McClackerty: Achoo! Achoo! Good morning Ted, I'll tell him you're here. Mr. Willmake, Ted is here to see you.

Willmake: Thank you, I will be right out.

McClackerty: Golly, what's that?

Ted: That is a beach ball frozen in a block of ice.

Willmake: Good morning, Ted. My word, where's that come from?

Ted: Bertha made it.

Willmake: Bertha made a beach ball in a block of ice?

Ted: Yes Sir, that and two large snowballs.

McClackerty: Bertha must be as cold as I am. Achoo! Achoo!

Ted: Bertha is right next to the big double-doors, the coldest place in the factory.

Willmake: Hm, well we must find a way of keeping Bertha warm; and make sure that those doors stay closed.

Ted: Roy's gone 'ome to fetch an electric fire.

Willmake: That's very good of him. Has Mr. Sprott found out what is wrong with the heating system yet, Miss McClackerty?

McClackerty: I'll go and see, Sir.

Tupp: I've brought you all a nice hot cup of tea.

McClackerty: Thank you Mrs. Tupp, I'll have mine when I get back.

Tupp: Righto dearie, I'll save you a nice warm sausage roll. 'ere you are, Sir. Mmm, I think beach balls look very pretty in blocks of ice.

Narrator: Mr. Sprott & Tracey are looking at a plan of the factory's heating system, trying to see which pipe is blocked.

Sprott: And that pipe leaves here, goes around there...

Tracey: Turns a corner there...

Sprott: Drops down here...

Tracey: Goes up there...

Sprott: Turns another corner here...

Tracey: And stops up...

Sprott & Tracey: ...there!

Sprott: Hello, Miss McClackerty.

McClackerty: Have you found out what's wrong, Mr. Sprott?

Sprott: Yes, we've discovered which pipe may be blocked; it won't be long now, we'll soon have the heating back on.

McClackerty: I hope so, everyone is freezing; Bertha is so cold, she's producing snowballs.

Sprott: Dear me, that won't do; tell Ted to keep her warm, we must all try to keep warm.

Tracey: I would need a hot water bottle to do that.

Sprott: Ah, that's a brilliant idea Tracey, there must be plenty of hot water bottles in the dispatch department.

Tracey: Yes, the big order for hot water bottles that we made last month, they haven't been sent to the chemist shops yet.

McClackerty: I'll go and see Panjit.

Sprott: Yes, find as many as you can. Now Tracey, back to work. Hey er, where are the tools I asked for?

Tracey: Up there, Mr. Sprott.

Sprott: Ah yes, so they are.

McClackerty: Where would Panjit put the hot water bottles? Let me see. Ah, in here. Ted, could you take these to Mrs. Tupp and tell her to fill them with hot water? Then she can give them to everyone to keep warm.

Ted: Good idea, Miss McClackerty. Panjit, gimme a hand here, will you?

Narrator: In her kitchen, Mrs. Tupp has boiled a lot of hot water to make some more tea.

Ted: Mrs. Tupp.

Tupp: 'ello, Ted.

Ted: I need your help with these hot water bottles, I want you to fill them up with hot water and take them around to everybody to put inside their overalls.

Tupp: Now that's what I call a good idea, that should keep them warm.

Narrator: Mr. Willmake has come to see the snowballs that Bertha has made.

Willmake: Hm, most unusual; inside each one of these, there must be a beach ball.

Nell: Careful Sir, they're very slippery!

Flo: Oh no!

Willmake: What is that, Flo? Argh!

Nell: Oh, poor Mr. Willmake.

Willmake: Oof!

Nell: Oh! Stop it, T.O.M.! Oh, just hold on to me Mr. Willmake. Ooh help, I'm slipping!

Willmake: This is like a skating rink, heh. Don't push, Nell. Woah!

Nell: Ouch!

Willmake: Sorry, Nell.

Nell: Sorry, Mr. Willmake.

Roy: I've got the electric fire!

Ted: You alright, Roy?

Roy: Yes thanks Ted, I got the fire; I hope it'll work.

Willmake: My word, what a sneeze. Woah! Oof!

Ted: Bertha's caught a cold, where's Mrs. Tupp and the hot water bottles?

Tupp: I'm 'ere, I'm 'ere. I 'eard the sneeze. Oh, poor old Bertha. Put these around 'er quickly.

Sprott: We've done it Mr. Willmake, we found the blocked pipe; the heating's working again.

Nell: Phew, yes I can feel it.

Flo: Yes, it's certainly getting warmer.

Willmake: Yes yes, well done Mr. Sprott. Woah! And well done Tracey, it will be wonderful to have a warm factory again. Er, where is Miss McClackerty? Has anyone seen Miss McClackerty?

McClackerty: Well I never, I'm warm again; but now I'm trying to keep my feet dry.

Narrator: That's because the heat has melted the block of ice; and left a pool of water.

McClackerty: Hahaha, it's like being at the seaside.

T.O.M.'s New Friend

Narrator: This week at Spottiswood & Company, Bertha is making plastic bath sponges, Ted is pouring in the sponge making liquid; and Roy is ready with the air.

Roy: I'm ready, Ted! How about you, T.O.M.?

Ted: Alright then, we're ready; we can get started. Aha yes, okay, yes yes. Right, go!

Narrator: Nell & Flo are waiting for Bertha to make the first sponge, Nell is ready to pack; and Flo is ready to stack.

Ted: Come on Bertha, come on.

Roy: Shall we let in some more air, Ted?

Ted: Yes, but not too much; or we'll 'ave more holes than sponge.

Roy: More air, T.O.M.!

Ted: What's the hold-up?

Nell: I don't think Bertha likes making sponges Flo.

Flo: I thought sponges came from the bottom of the sea.

Nell: Yes, well real ones do.

Roy: Nothing yet, Ted.

Ted: I don't know what's happenin' here. Now, lemme see er... Erm, er, erm, aha, haha, that sounds better.

Roy: Here they come.

Nell: I think they're too small Ted.

Flo: You couldn't have much of a bath with that.

Ted: Er, I think it needs more air. More air, Roy!

Roy: More air, T.O.M.!

Ted: Stop! Stop! That's too much!

Roy: Stop, T.O.M.! Stop! The tap's stuck Ted, it won't turn off!

Ted: Phew, that stopped it; I hope we haven't let in too much air.

Roy: Wow!

Ted: Cor!

Nell: I think that one's going to be too big, Ted.

Roy: I wonder what is wrong with Bertha today.

Ted: I think I'd better make some er, more adjustments.

Nell: Like I said, I don't think she likes making plastic sponges.

Panjit: My goodness, that's the biggest sponge I've ever seen.

Ted: Yes, it's a mistake. Er, will you take it away for us Panjit?

Panjit: Yes, most certainly; when I've delivered this.

Ted: What's in there, Panjit?

Panjit: I do not rightly know, Mr. Duncan told me to collect it from the yard; it came this morning by large lorry.

Duncan: Now come along, come along; what's the hold-up, Panjit?

Ted: What's in the crate Mr. Duncan?

Duncan: You'll find out, all in good time. Bring it this way, Panjit.

Ted: Hm, I wonder what's in there. Okay let's get back to work, we'll move the sponge off the conveyor belt, up your end Nell. Steady steady, it's not heavy, just awkward; put it down, that's right. Hoh.

Roy: Phwoar.

Flo: I hope Bertha doesn't make any more big ones like that.

Panjit: Alright Ted, I will take this and put it in the store shed. Mr. Duncan wants everyone to go to the other end of the factory Ted, he's going to open up the crate.

Ted: Come along, let's go and see what all the mystery's about.

Duncan: Right, gather round everybody.

Tupp: I can't stay long Mr. Duncan, I've got to get the tea trolley ready.

Duncan: We won't be needing the tea trolley anymore, Mrs. Tupp; because in here, we have an automatic vending machine.

Flo: What is an automatic vending machine exactly?

Duncan: You will soon see Flo. Give me a hand here, Roy.

Tupp: Well I never.

Duncan: Now pay attention while I explain. By pressing any of these buttons, this machine will automatically make you tea, coffee or hot chocolate; with or without milk, with sugar or no sugar at all. In fact, this er, wonderful machine will make it any way you like it.

Panjit: I like it best the way Mrs. Tupp makes it.

Duncan: This machine will make it much faster and so save time on tea breaks, I will demonstrate; plug it in for me, Roy. Keep back T.O.M. Now if anyone wants a nice cup of tea, this is what you do. Press the button for tea, press the button for milk, press the button for sugar; and there y'are, a nice hot cup of tea, that's all there is to it.

Tupp: Does that mean I'm not the tea lady anymore?

Duncan: You'll still serve tea to those people in the offices, Mrs. Tupp.

Tupp: This thing is doing me out of a job, I'm going to 'ave a word with the manager.

Ted: I'll come with you, Mrs. Tupp.

Flo: Do you want to try it, Nell?

Nell: I'll give it a go, what would you like Flo?

Flo: Tea with milk, but no sugar. Thanks, Nell

Nell: I think I'll have the same.

Panjit: I suppose it is a jolly clever machine.

Roy: Yes, but it doesn't give you a currant bun like Mrs. Tupp.

Narrator: It seems that T.O.M. has found a new friend. Upstairs in the office, Mrs. Tupp is complaining to the manager.

Tupp: This new hot drinks machine is doing me out of a job, Mr. Willmake.

Willmake: You mustn't be upset, Mrs. Tupp; when Mr. Duncan suggested buying the machine, I thought it would save you a lot of work.

Ted: That machine'll never take the place of Mrs. Tupp.

Willmake: You must give it time Ted, I'm sure people will soon get used to it.

Sprott: I've just had a call from Mr. Duncan, Sir; that new drinks machine has broken down already.

Willmake: Good gracious! That didn't last long.

Sprott: He said something about T.O.M. playing about with it.

Ted: T.O.M.? We'd better go and see.

Duncan: Who did this? Tut tut tut tut, that machine had cost a fortune.

Willmake: What has happened here, Mr. Duncan.

Duncan: Grr, I don't know Sir, I came past and found this; I think the little robot has been playing about.

Tracey: He didn't mean any harm, he probably thought he'd found a new friend to play with.

Tupp: Well I never, it's blown up; I'd better go and make us all a nice cup of tea, hehehehe.

Willmake: What are we going to do with this machine now?

Sprott: Oh, I'll soon have this repaired Sir, then we can keep it for when Mrs. Tupp is away on holiday and things.

Willmake: Yes yes, that is a splendid idea Mr. Sprott; now, we'll have to get all this mess cleaned up.

Ted: Bertha's just made the very thing to do that Mr. Willmake, it's a giant sponge.

Willmake: Good old Bertha.

Ted: *T.O.M.'s the little robot in the factory
He's entirely run by electronic wizardry
Whenever he's working and happens to be here
Everyone can hear his signal singing loud and clear*

*He's a lovely little robot and he feels just like a friend
He helps with all the tiresome jobs that never seem to end
Everyone just loves to see him, hopes nothing will go wrong
It's great to hear him buzzing round and bleeping out his song*

Roy, Panjit & Ted: *T-O-M, Bertha's robot son*

Ted: *It's a sight to see him working, electronically talking*

Roy, Panjit & Ted: *T-O-M, Bertha's robot son*

Ted: *It's super since he's been here, helping everything along*

Roy, Panjit & Ted: *T-O-M, Bertha's robot son*

Ted: *It's super since he's been here helping everything along*

*He's a lovely little robot and he feels just like a friend
He helps with all the tiresome jobs that never seem to end
Everyone just loves to see him, hopes nothing will go wrong
It's great to hear him buzzing round and bleeping out his song*

Nell: These sponges are just the right size, they fit the sponge bag nicely.

Flo: Oh that's good; and that big one really came in handy, eh?

Ted: Good old Bertha, you've done it again.